Daugh. As ever you heard, but ſay nothing?

1. *Fr.* No. (him,

Daugh. They come from all parts of the Dukedome to
Ile warrant ye, he had not ſo few laſt night
As twenty to diſpatch, hee'l tickl't up
In two howres, if his hand be in.

Iay. She's loſt
Paſt all cure.

Bro. Heaven forbid man.

Daugh. Come hither, you are a wiſe man.

1. *Fr.* Do's ſhe know him?

1. *Fr.* No, would ſhe did.

Daugh. You are maſter of a Ship?

Iay. Yes.

Daugh. Wher's your Compaſſe?

Iay. Heere.

Daugh. Set it too'th North.
And now direct your courſe to'th wood, wher *Palamon*
Lyes longing for me; For the Tackling
Let me alone; Come waygh my hearts, cheerely.

All. Owgh, owgh, owgh, tis up, the wind's faire, top the
Bowling, out with the maine ſaile, wher's your
Whiſtle Maſter?

Bro. Lets get her in.

Iay. Vp to the top Boy.

Bro. Wher's the Pilot?

1. *Fr.* Heere,

Daugh. What ken'ſt thou?

2. *Fr.* A faire wood.

Daugh. Beare for it maſter: take about: *Singes.*
When Cinthia with her borrowed light, &c. *Exeunt.*

Scæna 2. *Enter Emilia alone, with 2. Pictures.*

Emilia. Yet I may binde thoſe wounds up, that muſt
And bleed to death for my ſake elſe; Ile chooſe, (open
And end their ſtrife: Two ſuch yong hanſom men
Shall never fall for me, their weeping Mothers,
Following the dead cold aſhes of their Sonnes
Shall never curſe my cruelty: Good heaven,

What

What a ſweet face has *Arcite*? if w
With all her beſt endowments, all tho
She ſowes into the birthes of noble b
Were here a mortall woman, and had
The coy denialls of yong Maydes, yet
She would run mad for this man: wha
Of what a fyry ſparkle, and quick ſw
Has this yong Prince? Here Love him
Iuſt ſuch another wanton *Ganimead*,
Set Love a fire with, and enforcd the
Snatch up the goodly Boy, and ſet him
A ſhining conſtellation: What a brow
Of what a ſpacious Majeſty he carries
Arch'd like the great eyd *Iuno's*, but f
Smoother then *Pelops* Shoulder? Fa
Me thinks from hence, as from a Pro
Pointed in heaven, ſhould clap their w
To all the under world, the Loves, and
Of gods, and ſuch men neere 'em. *Pal*
Is but his foyle, to him, a meere dull
Hee's ſwarth, and meagre, of an eye a
As if he had loſt his mother; a ſtill
No ſtirring in him, no alacrity,
Of all this ſprightly ſharpenes, not a ſ
Yet theſe that we count errours may
Narciſſus was a ſad Boy, but a heave
Oh who can finde the bent of woman
I am a Foole, my reaſon is loſt in me,
I have no choice, and I have ly'd ſo le
That women ought to beate me. On m
I aske thy pardon: *Palamon*, thou a
And only beutifull, and theſe the eyes
Theſe the bright lamps of beauty, tha
And threaten Love, and what yong M
What a bold gravity, and yet inviting
Has this browne manly face? O Lo
From this howre is Complexion: Ly
Thou art a changling to him, a meere

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